WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, December 31, 1803. [No. 58

De Valcour and Bertha:

OR

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. VI.

(Concluded from page 34)

DE Valcour was prevented from continuing the narrative by the return of Tyrault. He had succeded beyond their most sanguine expectations; the Baroness had expressed the keenest remorse for her late conduct; affected to throw the whole blame on the criminal Ambrose; and waited only for the presence of Julian, and her injured daughter-in-law, to make ample restitution, explain several interesting particulars, and then throw herself penitent and unprotected on their mercy. This was a favorable moment, not to be neglected. Julian had attached the band to him by his gentle manners, and manly endurance of calamity. They agreed unanimously on dissolving his oath of association; substituting only one, by which he was bound not to betray any of their secrets; and he then obtained an honorable discharge. Tyrault conducted them by subterraneous passes to the hut in the wood; and Bertha, with astonishment, discovered that she had been confined within a mile of the castle di Montalpine.

Tyrault who was now the chief of the Independents, selected a few, on whose fidelity he could depend, to escort his friends to the castle, at the gates of which he took an affectionate leave; assuring De Valcour, that, in any hour of distress or peril, they should ever find assistance and refuge where he was. The lady Valeria, in sable robes, hastened to meet them: her countenance was marked with deep despondency; her eye alternately glistened with a tear of despair, or brightened with a gleam of hope. The deportment of Bertha was neither exulting nor servile; she returned the salutation of the baroness with civility, but shrunk from her extended hand, and rested for support on the ready arm of Julian, who cheered her with encouraging looks.

In the spacious saloon a collation was prepared; every thing seemed to wear an air of awful preparation; for the chair of the late Baron was placed beneath a small canopy, over which waved a vast plume of black feathers: his banquetting robe was thrown across the seat, and his sword suspended across by an embroidered scarf. The Baroness placed herself on a seat on one side, while she mentioned to Bertha to take that on the other; and Julian placed himself opposite to the Baroness. For some moments a mournful silence prevailed. Bertha was too deeply affected to speak, and Valeria seemed absorbed in gloomy meditation.

Breaking silence at length, she pledged Julian in a goblet of wine. It is of no use, said she, sighing, to waste our time thus. I have much to say and though the subject is painful, it must be entered on. Refresh yourselves, and we will proceed to business.—Alice, continued she, turning to the person who waited behind her chair, on the table in my chamber you will find a sealed paper: bring it hither. The heart of Bertha was too full to permit her to taste the sumptuous fare set before her. Julian selected the choicest dishes for her; but her efforts to eat were ineffectual. Alice returned with the paper, which the Baroness delivered to Julian, and then addressed him with much solemnity, after ordering the attendants to withdraw.

The implacable hatred I have hitherto ever entertained for you, Julian I know not how to account for. (Julian turned pale with horror.) It seemed interwoven in my nature, and has led me on to the commission of acts, at the remembrance of which I now shudder. That paper you will find to be the true will of the unfortunate Baron, entrusted by him to my care soon after our marriage. Bertha is thereby his sole heiress, though an ample jointure has been

allowed for me. Bertha leaned over Julian to peruse it. The Baroness called for more wine; the attendants were withdrawn; she rose, brought some from the sideboard, and filled the goblets, Bertha, said she, raising her voice, your father never cursed you. That will was his only one; he died pronouncing his forgiveness and blessing on you. Eternal Providence be praised, exclaimed Bertha: I may yet be happy. She sunk on her knees in the fervency of rapture, while imagination pictured the spirit of her father regarding her with pity and pardon.

But said Julian, how are we to account for the mysterious threatenings by which our fate was accelerated? By the chemical skill of father Ambrose, said Valeria, with a forced smile, they were all effected. His voice was that which menaced you; and his hand traced with phosphoric characters the prediction which accident has since fulfilled. Early superstition, which is seldom eradicated, aided by concurrent circumstances and your own consciousness of misconduct, all conspired to make our plan succeed.

The pannel on which the terrific words were written, turned on a swivel; and in my apartment, where the whole plan was contrived and executed, you may behold and examine the apparatus. It was necessary you should quit the castle, that Ambrose might escape detection, while his association with the Independents rendered it an easy matter to keep you still within our power. Upon considering the whole of our proceedings, you will find how much you have been the dupes of your own credulity; though that consideration does not lessen our crime.

The Baroness paused; she seemed yet struggling with some secret. She gazed alternately at De Valcour and Bertha; then rose from her seat, and walked precipitately about the room. The wildness of her looks terrified Bertha: she besought her to be pacified, and, after much entreaty, she returned to the table. I know, said she, in an altered tone, what I have to expect from your generosity. I injured you; was accessary to the murder of your father; for that you owe me vengeance. You are restored to your rights, have avenged yourself on your persecutor, have repaid blood with blood; and now satiated, may in pity for a repenting, defenceless woman, connive at her escape from justice; allow her an annuity; and bid her linger out her days in obscurity, a prey to the horrors of a guilty conscience. This will be your mercy if I submit. But know, foolish pair! I disdain such pity. You are in my power; not I in thine. In the book of destiny it was written, that Valeria should live infamous, and die triumphant in revenge.

For heaven's sake, what mean you? cried Julian, rising, and seizing her arm, (while his heart seemed to sicken with dreadful forebodings: we mean not to exult over or insult you. Valeria burst into a convulsive laugh. I know it, I know it! cried she. You have little time for exultation. Summon the attendants; let me be seized, bound, and carried to the place of execution: I have more murders than one to answer for. Fools! to think Valeria penitent. Nay, nay; embrace once more; you have not long for such endearments. Your drink was poisoned! Bertha screamed with horror, I have not tasted it! O, Julian! my Julian! Inhuman woman, you have killed your son! De Valcour began to feel the effects of the baneful drink: he grasped the hand of Bertha with agony, thanked heaven for her preservation, and confirmed to the distracted Valeria the dreadful truth which Bertha had just uttered.

Words cannot describe the feelings of the wretched woman whose malice had recoiled on herself. She tore her hair in phrenzy, and would have plunged a knife in her own bosom, but that the attendants at that moment rushed in and wrested the weapon from her hand. The zealous Tyrault was amongst them: he supported his dying friend, whose last moment was hastily approaching.

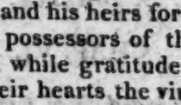
I feel, said the dying De Valcour, that mortal aid would now be vain. I die the victim of the most diabolical treachery. Protect my lovely wife; her only fault was that of being too tenderly attached to one, who has brought her into endless misery. Bertha, my beloved, farewel. We may meet in happier regions; for we are guiltless, and our earthly disobedience has met an earthly punishment. Unhappy mother! I forgive thee!

Bertha clung round him till forcibly dragged from his lifeless body. The baroness yielded herself up to justice, and suffered the due punishment of her crimes with that insensibility which is often mistaken for heroism, but is too frequently the last refuge of a turbulent spirit, and an impious soul.

Bertha found a zealous and active friend in Tyrault: he arranged her affairs with fidelity, and gave her every consolation in his power. But her heart had received too deep a wound to admit of future happiness; and resolving on retirement, she devoted the greater part of her fortune to the endowment of a convent, in which she passed the remainder of her days.

In commemoration of her own sad story, she founded the order of Disobedients, enjoining a life of the strictest piety and severest penance. Of this order she remained superior some years; and at her death was laid beside her dear Julian in the family vault; and a simple marble tablet in the convent chapel bears record of the fate of the two faithful and unfortunate lovers.

By the will of the lady Bertha, Tyrault, who was an orphan, succeeded to the estate; and his heirs for many centuries were possessors of the castle di Montalpine, while gratitude has perpetuated in their hearts the virtues of the unhappy pair.



VICE.

THE most certain method of expressing the vices of youth, is not always by giving them moral precepts, of the importance of which they are seldom fully sensible; and the most sure way of making them love virtue, is to show them the turpitude of vice, and thereby disgust them with it. The Lacedemonians, to discourage drunkenness in their children, accustomed them to behold frequently the bestial follies of a drunkard.

ON THE DRESS, ORNAMENTS, &c. OF THE ROMAN LADIES.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

THE women of antiquity were not less solicitous about their persons than the moderns, and the materials for decorating them were neither so few, nor so simple, as has been by some imagined; facts which, in the review of the Romans, will appear still more conspicuous. In the more early periods of that great republic, the Romans, in their persons, as well as in their manners were simple and unadorned; we shall therefore pass over the attire of these times, and confine our observations to those when the wealth of the world centered within the walls of Rome.

The Roman ladies went to bathe in the morning, and from thence returned to the toilette, where women of rank and fortune had a number of slaves to attend on and do every thing for them, while themselves looking constantly in their glasses, practised various attitudes studied the airs of negligence, the smiles that best became them, and directed the placing of every lock of the hair, and every part of the head-dress. Coquettes, ladies of morose temper, and those whose charms had not attracted so much notice as they expected, often blamed the slaves who dressed them for this want of success; and if we may believe Juvenal, sometimes chastised them for it with the most unfeeling severity. At first, the maids who attended the toilette were to assist in adjusting every part of the dress, but afterwards each had her proper task assigned her; one had the combing, curling, and dressing of the hair; another managed the perfumes; a third disposed of the jewels, as fancy or fashion directed; a fourth laid on the paint and cosmetics; all these, and several others, had names expressive of their different employments.

But besides these, whose business it was to put their hands to the labor of the toilette, there were others, who, acting in a station more exalted, only attended to give their opinion and advice; to declare what colors suited the complexion, and what method of dressing gave the greatest additional lustre to the charms of nature.

To this important council of the toilette we have no account of the male sex being ever admitted: This useful tho' perhaps indelicate invention was reserved for the ladies of Paris, who wisely considering, that as they dress only for the men, the men must be the best judges of what will please themselves.

As the loves and the graces more particularly reside in the face, the Roman ladies were hardly more attentive to the face itself than to the decorations that surrounded it; they had combs of box and of ivory for the hair, the curls of which they fastened with gold and silver pins; besides these, they commonly stuck into their hair pins set with pearl and plaited it with chains and rings of gold or with purple or white ribbons, shining with jewels and precious stones; they had also in their ears rings of gold, loaded with pearl, or other jewels.

The modern gigantic head-dress of the present time, with all its combs, and wool, and curls, is not the invention of this age; it is at least as old as the times we are delineating. The Roman ladies by the assistance of borrowed hair or wool, decorated their heads with tresses, knots, and curls, all so variously disposed, and in so many different stories one above another, that the whole looked like a regular piece of architecture.

Nor was it always necessary that a lady should spend her precious time in sitting to have her upper apartments built upon in this manner; the Romans, as well as the moderns, knew how to mingle convenience with folly, they could purchase in the shops, as at present, a head-dress ready built, which they had only the trouble to clap on. It would be tedious to mention the various forms in which these voluminous head-dresses were constructed; suffice it to say, that there were some modes of dressing the head which were considered as distinguishing marks of modesty and virtue, while others were strong indications of lewdness and debauchery.

But the disposing of the hair in various forms and figures; the interweaving it with ribbons, jewels, and gold; were not the only methods they made use of to make it agreeable to taste. Light colored hair had the preferance of all others; both men and women therefore dyed their hair of this color, then perfumed it with sweet-scented essences, and powdered it with gold dust; a custom of the highest extravagance, which the Romans brought from Asia, and which, acording to Josephus, was practiced among the Jews. White hair-powder was not then invented, nor did the use of it come into fashion till towards the end of the sixteenth century; the first writer who mentions it is L'Etoile, who relates, that in the year 1593, the nuns walked the streets of Paris curled and finely powdered; from that time the custom of powdering has become so common that in most places of Europe, but especially in France, it is used by both sexes, and by people of all ages, ranks, and conditions.

Such were the ornaments with which the Roman ladies surrounded the face; those of the face itself consisted of cosmetics, paints and even pastes; of the cosmetics, it would be superfluous to give any account, as it is presumed modern invention has furnished the present times with such as are much preferable.

Chalk and white-lead were then used as paints, for we are told by Martial, that Fabula was afraid of the rain, on account of the chalk on her face; and Sabella of the sun, because of the ceruse with which she was painted.

The famous Poppæa, who was first the mistress, and afterwards the wife of Nero, made use of an unctuous paint which hardened upon the face, and was left there till she chose to take it off by warm milk. Its effects were to soften the skin, and improve the complexion; and as it originated from an empress, it soon became so fashionable at Rome, that it was used almost by every woman when at home, and, in the common phrase of the times, was called the domestic face; and if we may credit Juvenal, the only one which was frequently known to the husband. In order also to rectify what they supposed nature had made amiss, they had depilatory plasters to take off superfluous hairs from the eye-brows, or other parts of the face, where they judged that they were imperfections; nor was the art of painting, and otherwise making artificial eyebrows unknown to them.

(To be continued.)

THE AFFECTED WISE MAN:

OR,

The Dupe of Women, Wine, and the Gaming Table.

From the French.

MEMNON one day took it into his head, that it was possible to be perfectly wise; and, big with this project, he said to himself—To accomplish my purpose, it is only necessary to be without passions; or, what amounts to the same thing, completely to subdue them. First of all, then, I am resolved never to be in love with any woman whatever, and, in contemplating the most perfect beauty, those cheeks will one day become wrinkled and sallow; those eyes, now so bright, will be bordered with an ugly and red distilling rheum; in a word, all those charms, now so fair, will be succeeded by disgusting ugliness and deformity. In the next place, I will be always sober; in vain may my companions try to tempt me with good cheer, delicious wines, or the seductions of society. I will eat no more than nature requires for its support; I will drink only what may comfort without injuring me; thus my health will be always equal, and my ideas clear and harmonious. All this is so easy, that there will be little merit in succeeding in my plan. Afterwards I shall think a little of my fortune; my desires are moderate, and my income is safely placed in the hands of the receiver-general of Nineveh. Thus, independent, I shall never be under the necessity of making my court to the great. I envy no one, and no one will envy me; I have friends, continued he, and I shall preserve them, for they will have nothing to dispute with me, so that our connection will be constant and unruffled.

Having thus arranged his little plan of wisdom, in his chamber, Memnon thrust his head out of his window to enjoy the coolness of the morning.—He perceived two women walking under the plantains, near his house. The one was old, and seemed not to think of any one thing; the other was young, beautiful, and seemed much oppressed with some secret affliction. She sighed, wept, wrung her hands in such a manner as to touch the heart of our sage. It was not with the beauty of the lady that he was affected—he was sure that he could feel no such weakness—no! but, moved solely by her affliction, he descended: he accosted the beauteous Ninevite, with intent to console her by his wisdom. In the most simple and affecting manner, she related the sufferings she had endured from the barbarity of a cruel uncle—by the way this uncle was altogether an ideal personage—and implored the advice of Memnon to give her counsel how to escape the future consequences of his vengeance. You appear, said she, a man of wisdom, and if you will have the condescension to go home with me, and examine my affairs, I am confident you will be able to extricate me from the perplexities in which I am involved. Memnon immediately agreed to the proposal of the afflicted beauty, who introduced him into a superb and richly ornamented chamber, where she politely made him sit down with her on a sofa, with their legs crossed, according to the custom of Eastern nations.

In a short time, the philosopher was so touched with the pathetic detail of the afflicted fair one, that he forgot his wisdom, and listened only to the call of passion. At this critical moment, the lady's uncle stalked into the room, according to previous agreement, and, in an awful and threatening tone, menaced the wise Memnon and his fair niece with immediate death. He, nevertheless, hinted, that for a sum of money he might be prevailed upon to pardon their crime. Memnon was under the necessity of giving all he had to the furious uncle, happy to be let off at so cheap a rate.

Ashamed, and almost in despair, Memnon returned home, where he found an invitation to dine with a party of friends. Thinking it the best way to banish the thought of this unfortunate adventure, he determined to accept the invitation, and flattered himself that in the charms of the society of his friends he should forget the folly of which he had been guilty in the morning. On Memnon's appearance, his friends observing that he was a little chagrined, pressed him to drink to dissipate his melancholy. A little wine taken in moderation, is beneficial both to the mind and the body. Thus reasoned the sage Memnon; and, so reasoning, he speedily got drunk. It was proposed to play: a game regulated by one's friends, thought he, is pleasant pastime. He played, grew warm, lost all the money in his purse, and four times as much on his word of honor. A dispute arose, high words took place, and one of his most intimate friends threw a dice-box at his head, and knocked out one of his eyes. The sage Memnon was conveyed home drunk, without money, in debt, and with an eye less than he took out with him.

After the wine had a little evaporated he dispatched his valet de chambre for some money to the receiver-general of the taxes of Nineveh, to pay the debts he had contracted to his friends. He was informed that his debtor had, that very morning, made a fraudulent bankruptcy, and had spread alarm and despondency over a hundred families.

Memnon flew to court, with a patch on his eye and a petition in his hand, to demand justice of the king against the bankrupt. After meeting with some ladies, who sported with his misfortune, Memnon hid himself in a corner, expecting the moment when he might throw himself at the feet of the monarch. The moment at length arrived, and thrice Memnon kissed the ground while he presented his petition. His gracious Majesty received it favorably, and gave it to one of his satraps to render him an account of its contents. The satrap drew Memnon aside, and, with a haughty air and a bitter sarcastic grin, said to him, You must be a mighty pleasant kind of one-eyed fellow, to have the assurance to demand justice against an honest bankrupt, whom I honor with my protection, and who is besides nephew to my mistress's chambermaid. I advise you to give up this pursuit, if you expect to preserve your remaining eye.

Memnon having in the morning wisely renounced women, all excess at table, gaming, quarrelling, and above all, the court, was thus, before night, deceived and robbed by a beautiful lady, got drunk, gamed, engaged in a quarrel, lost an eye, and went to court, where he was exposed to mockery and laughter.

From the fate of Memnon, it is not difficult to collect one inference—that he who aims at perfect wisdom will

certainly be disappointed in the pursuit; and that a complete victory over the passions is not consistent with the present condition of human nature.

SINGULAR ATTACHMENT IN A BRUTE.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours:

"Two persons were on a short journey, and, passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked, and pursued till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him.

Being a very few miles from a village called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin. Badger's hair furnishes excellent scumbling brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns.

They had not proceeded far, when they heard the cry of an animal in seeming distress; and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before—when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village,—nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation, by any means; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

THE MATRIMONIAL RING.

THE ring, at first, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, signifying the durance and prosperity of the contract. "Howbeit," he says, "it skilleth not at this day what the ring be made of—the form of it being round, and without end, doth import, that their love should circulate and flow continually. The finger on which the ring is to be worn, is the fourth on the left hand, next unto the little finger, because there was supposed a vein of blood to pass from thence into the heart."

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated musician, Lully, having hurt one of his toes in beating time with his cane, the sore neglected, became so serious as to threaten his life. His confessor seeing his critical state, told him, that unless be burnt what he had composed of his new opera, in order to show his repentance for having made so many operas, he had no chance of absolution. Lully obeyed, and the confessor withdrew, after giving him absolution. M. le Duc called to see him soon after, and said, "What, and you have burnt your opera; and you are really such a ninny as to believe in the absurdities of that Jansenist, your confessor."—"Softly, softly, my friend," replied Lully, whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about; I had another copy!"

A SINGULAR CHARACTER, REMARKABLE FOR ABSURD CHOLER.

TOM TINDER is one of those touchy blockheads, whom nobody can endure: the fellow has not a single plea in life for his ill temper; he does not want money, is not married, has a great deal of health to spare, never once felt the slightest twinge of the gout. His eyes no sooner open to the morning light, than he begins to quarrel with the weather; it rains, and he wanted to ride; it is sunshine, and he meant to go a fishing; he would hunt only when it is a frost, and never thinks of skaiting but in open weather; in short, the wind is never in the right quarter with this testy fellow; and though I could excuse a man, for being a little out of humor with an easterly wind, Tom Tinder shall box the whole compass, and never set his needle to a single point of good humor upon the face of it.

Tom now comes down to breakfast; and though the savage has the stomach of an ostrich, there is not a morsel passes down his blaspheming throat without a damn or a curse to digest it; it would be a less dangerous task to serve in the morning mess to a fasting bear. He then walks forth into his garden; there he does not meet a plant, which his ill-humor does not engraft with the bitter fruit of cursing; the wasps have pierced his nectarines, the caterpillars have raised contributions upon his cabbages, and the infernal blackbirds have eaten up all his cherries: Tom's soul is not large enough to allow the denizens of creation a taste of nature's gifts, though he surfeits with a superabundance of her bounty.

Tom now sits forlorn, disgusted, without a friend living to cheer him, gnawing his own heart for want of other diet to feed his spleen upon. At length he slinks into a comfortless bed; damns his servant as he draws the curtains round him, drops asleep, and dreams of the devil.

EPIGRAM.

"Wit is a feather," Pope has said,
And females never doubt it;
So those who've least within the head,
Display the most without it.

ANECDOTES.

An importunate beggar went to a miser, and asked for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. "My friend," said the miser, "as thy end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing, for I am sure thou wilt remember a refusal much longer than a gift."

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a boon to ask."—"So have I," said the miser, "grant mine first, then I will comply with thine."—"Agreed." Said the miser, "my request is that thou ask me nothing!"

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 31, 1803.

During the late epidemic, the publication of the *Visitor* was of necessity suspended for ten weeks: by this we were prevented from publishing a whole volume in a year, which ended on the 1st of October last. In order to remedy this, we purpose issuing two or more numbers per week until the deficiency is made up. This measure being recommended by many of our friends, we have reason to expect a general concurrence.

Such as wish to replace their soil'd or lost numbers, may be supplied at our office, at 4 cents each.

*** Country subscribers will please to take notice, our terms are, pay *in advance.*

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 38 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of pulmonic affection 1—small-pox 1—fits 7—cancer 1—decay 1—convulsions 1—cold 1—dropsey 1—worms 1—fetmes 1—quinsey 1—consumption 6—hives 2—decline 2—relax 1—inflammation of the lungs 1—febris nacota comatoso 1—aptha 1—sudden 1—palsey 1 disorders not mentioned 5.

Of this number 24 were adults and 14 children.

Extract of a letter from Raleigh (N. C.) dated Dec. 8.

"A bed of gold ore has been lately discovered in Cabarrus county, in this state, in a creek running through the land of John Reed, a native of Hesse Cassel, in Germany, which promises to be a source of great riches to the proprietor. The metal was first found by two or three children of Mr. Reed, who were fishing. They brought a few pieces home to their father as a curiosity, ignorant of its value. On examination, the ore was found not only to be gold, but gold of a very pure quality. Since this discovery, those little boys have picked up daily from 100 to 120 pennyweights, (worth upwards of 20l. sterling) but the proprietor has lately found a lump of the ore 28lbs. weight, which is supposed, when fluxed will yield 27 lbs of pure gold, and is worth upwards of $5600!

The facts are assured to us by one of the members of our General Assembly, from Cabarrus, no in this city, who has in his possession two specimens of this precious metal, one as it is found, and the other as purified."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Cabarrus county, N. C.

"The gold mine in Cabarras, has of late drawn the attention of a number of our citizens very much,—indeed it has so far engaged the minds of many, that it has become the common theme in almost every company. The fact is, it has lately produced wonders.—Besides a variety of pieces of less magnitude, there was about three weeks ago, one lump found just below the surface of the earth, that weighed 28 lb. stillyard weight. This at a common calculation will be worth about $7000. So that, from its present appearance, it is well worthy of notice."

POLICE OF PARIS.

The picture exhibited by the Report of the Prefect of Police at Paris to the Grand Judge, for the last Republican year, ending Sept. 23, is of a horrid nature.

In the course of the year, according to this report, 490 men and 167 women have committed suicide at Paris;—81 men 69 women have been murdered, of whom 55 men and 52 women were foreigners, strangers, or have not been owned.—644 divorces.—155 murderers have been executed.—1210 persons have been condemned to the gallies, to the pillory, or to chains.—1626 to hard labor, to longer or shorter imprisonment.—64 have been marked with hot irons. Amongst the criminals executed were 7 fathers who had poisoned their own children;—10 husbands who had murdered their wives;—6 wives who had poisoned their husbands;—and 15 children who had poisoned and otherwise destroyed their parents.

During the same period 12076 public women, or street-walkers, have been registered, and have paid for the protection of the Police.—1552 kept mistresses, are noted down and known at the Prefecture of Police, and 308 public brothels have been privileged and licenced by the Police Prefect at Paris!

Extract of a letter, from Cadiz, dated October 22, 1803.

"You will have heard of the sickness that has lately taken place in Malaga, which is reported to be the Black Vomit. The last accounts mentioned that it was mending, as the number of deaths diminished daily: but thanks to the Almighty it has not spread out of Malaga, and in this part of the country we enjoy the most perfect health, which you will please to make public that our trade may not suffer by ungrounded reports."

We understand by a gentleman from Currituck, (says the Norfolk Herald of the 17th) that a brig went on shore on the evening of the 11th inst. In the morning she had gone to pieces, and the bodies of 16 French passengers, drifted into the inlet. It was supposed she was valuably laden, as a number of bales and trunks were driven on the beach.

At Waltham, (Massachusetts) lately, a young man was unguardedly snapping a musket which he supposed not loaded, and accidentally shot a young woman in the head, who immediately expired.

The dead body of a man was taken out of the cellar of a store on Jones's wharf on Saturday morning last. Mr. Horton, whose store adjoins the lot in which this body was found, asserts, that on Wednesday preceding, he heard the groans of some person in distress, apparently in the cellar above mentioned. He had no light, and could not ascertain whether his conjectures were well founded; but believes the noise he heard proceeded from the person whose body was found on the succeeding Saturday.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22.

The Stranger, (Kotzebue) and *Bonaparte in England, (anon.)*

The *Stranger* was this evening literally *reviv'd*, and we doubt not that if it continues to be as well play'd, it will long continue to flourish.

The farce was received with every mark of pleasure and approbation.

SATURDAY, DEC. 24.

The Glory of Columbia her Yeomanry, and *Mrs. Wiggins.*

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26.

John Bull, (Colman) and *The First Floor, (Cobb.)*

John Bull was again well attended, and as well received as ever.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 28.

Wheel of Fortune, (Cumberland) and *House to be sold, (from the French by Cobb.)*

Mr. *Harwood*, this evening, gave us a proof that his judgment and professional skill are equal to the serious walks of the drama: but the comparison with Mr. *Cooper's Penruddock* operates to his disadvantage.

The character of *Henry Woodville* was supported by Mr. *Serson*, who has improved since his last appearance, in his mode of delivery and action, in a manner that evinces genius and judgment.

The opera of *A house to be sold*, was received with applause, and will be a standing favorite. The music has uncommon merit.

Jerome Bonaparte.—The much talk'd of marriage of the brother of the First Consul, with Miss P—— of Baltimore, has it is said, at length taken place; several letters from that city corroborate the fact, though the public prints of later date are entirely silent on the subject.

Married,

On Saturday evening, the 17th inst. Andrew S. Garr, esq. to Miss Eliza Sinclair.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 18, at Fairfield, (Con.) Mr. Arthur Cullum, of this city, to Miss Harriet Sturges, of that place.

On Saturday evening last, Henry Masterton, esq. attorney at law, to Miss Helen Lasher, daughter of Col. Lasher.

Same evening, Mr. Calvin Baker, merchant, to Miss Mary Harned, both of this city.

Same evening, Henry Schenck, esq. to Lydia Blackwell, daughter of Samuel B. esq. of Hallett's Cove.

On Monday evening, the 19th inst. Mr. Alexander M'Cutchen, to Miss Isabella Sprowl, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 20th inst. Mr. Jacob C. Arthur, to Miss Jane Ebbets, daughter of Daniel I. Ebbets, merchant, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 22d inst. Mr. John Platt, to Miss Agnes Sprowl, both of this city.

In England, Oct. 31, Asbury Dickens, esq. late of Philadelphia, to Miss Lilias Arnot, daughter of the late Hugo Arnot, esq. of Balsorino, Scotland.

Died,

On Monday morning last, capt. John Ablion.

On Monday last, Mr. Abner Weyman, of this city, aged 59 years.

On Friday, last week, John Hall, late Master of the brig Patty.

In England, in September last, in the 74th year of his age, Joseph Galloway, esq. formerly of Philadelphia.

At Frankfort, (Ken.) on the 4th inst. after a lingering illness of 4 weeks, Edmund Thomas, esq. register of the land office of that Commonwealth.

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street.

Returns his thanks to his friends and the public, for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors.

He has received per the ships Juno and Diligence, from Amsterdam, a large assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes baskets of different sizes—Handsome Toilet baskets—Wine-glass baskets, round and oval—Large and small Trunk baskets—Handsome Market do. —Ladies fine knitting do. of different sizes—handsome Children's do. different patterns—handsome Bread do.—do. Counter do.—do. Tumbler do. different sizes—do. Knife do. &c. &c.

East India, Dunstable, and Holland Table Matts.

Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Pails, Coolers, &c. also common Baskets, different kinds.

E. WOOFFENDALE,

MILLENER AND MANTAU-MAKER,

No. 154, Broadway,

Has received a handsome assortment of Millinery from London; she has also on hand a quantity of fashionable split straw Bonnets, several boxes of beautiful Flowers to dispose of, either by wholesale or retail.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, January 2,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A romantic Drama, with Songs, Chorusses, &c. called,

Blue Beard,

OR, FEMALE CURIOSITY.

To which will be added,

A Comedy, in 3 Acts, called,

Next-door Neighbors.

After which, a Pantomime, in one act, called,

Poor Jack.

ALMERIA,

OR,

THE PENITENT.

Being a genuine Epistle from an Unfortunate Daughter in *******. to her family in the Country.

BY —— PRATT.

Conclued from page 40.

BUT hear, yet hear your hapless daughter's plea,—
Some little pity still is due to me.
If to have felt each agony of mind,
To bear the stings which conscience leaves behind;
If on each morn to shudder at the light,
Dread the fair day, and fear the coming night;
If, like a thief, of ev'ry eye afraid,
Anxious I sought the blush-concealing shade;
If my sad bosom, bursting with its weight,
Bled and bewail'd the hardships of my fate;
If to have known no joys, and known all pains,
Can aught avail to purge my former stains,
Judge not your child, your suppliant, too severe,
But veil her frailties and bestow a tear.

Yet has Almeria a juster claim,
To seal her pardon and to close her shame;
Each early trespass nobler to remove,
And hope again the sanction of your love.
These holy mansions,* sacred to our woes,
To screen from scorn, and hide us from our foes:
Gradual the fallen woman to retrieve,
Reform the manners, and the mind relieve,
From barb'rous man to shield his hapless prey,
Expunge the blot, and chace the blush away;
To sooth each sorrow by the pow'r of prayer,
And half supply a parent's pious care;
To lull the flutt'ring pulses to repose,
Each pang to soften, and each wish compose:
Wean us from scenes that fatally misguide,
And teach the breast to glow with nobler pride:
These holy mansions have receiv'd your child,
And there she mourns each passion that beguil'd.
Thrice has the sun his annual beams bestow'd,
And found me here determin'd to be good;
Already feels my heart a lighter grief,
And each white minute brings me fresh relief:
Or if, by chance, my sorrows I renew,
Half claim my crimes, and half belong to you;
Here then for ever, secret and resign'd,
Here for its God will I prepare my mind;
Here pass, conceal'd, my penitential days,
And lead a life of piety and praise.

Come then, thou lovely patroness of fame,
Thou bright restorer of a ruin'd name,
Come, fair Repentance! o'er each thought preside,
Patient I follow such a heav'nly guide;
To all thy laws implicitly I bend,
And call thee Sister! Savior! Genius! Friend!
Oh! let me breathe the solemn vow sincere,
Oh! let Religion consecrate each tear!
Then should long life be mercifully given,
The soul repair'd, may dare to think of heaven;
Then cleans'd from ev'ry dark and Ethiop stain,
Virtue, that dove of peace, shall come again,
With smoothest wings resettle on my breast,
And open prospects of eternal rest.

And yet, before that golden hour arrive,
Oh! would my injur'd relatives forgive;
Oh! could they see this happier turn of fate,
And view their Magdalen's far chaster state—
Then would they fondly close her fading eye,
Bless her last breath, and bid her peaceful die!

* *The Magdalen Hospital.*

SONG,

From the Hero of the North.

OH! when I was young, how I kiss'd and I toy'd,
The lasses, sweet creatures, my time quite employ'd,
I wrote them such posies,
'Bout sweet briars and roses,
When dancing their pride was with me to be seen.
Though now run to seed,
And am call'd an old weed,
Yet I do as I please,
Still enjoy my heart's ease,
And contented I know I'm an old evergreen,
Shut up in this place, as though under a frame,
My trunk remains firm, yet my cap an't the same,
There's not a day passes,
But all the young lasses
Like ivy cling round me wherever I'm seen:
Tho' grown somewhat old,
My heart's not yet cold;
I'm as blyth and as gay
As a daisy in May,
And my love for the wenches remains ever green.

To Miss P—t—n.

AS turns the needle to the northern pole,
So turns to thee my faithful trembling soul:
Thy gentle bosom's sympathetic frame,
Will ease in pity, this devouring flame:
In me your future happiness repose,
To me the secrets of your heart disclose,
Be mine the joy to kiss that lovely face,
Be mine alone the heav'n of your embrace.
This is the shaduw which I've fondly made,
Accept the *substance*, and reject the shade.

P. O. N.

Courtlandt street,
Dec. 23, 1803.

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Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. *Price 25 cents.*

WHAITES & CHARTERS,

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

APOLLO SOCIETY.

Under the direction of James Everdell.

The members of this society are informed, that its meetings will commence on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27, and be continued on every Tuesday, at the house of Mr. Everdell, No. 90, in Chamber-Street.

Persons wishing to become members, may be made acquainted with the regulations, by applying to Mr. Everdell.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing dame Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 7 dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise.

NG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET,

UBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS

NNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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END OF

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1803